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I shall sum up here some of Pascoal's explanations /in the following passage the words in quotation marks are translated from Spanish/: I am a curer and pray a little. I take away the "spirit" of the sickness with a mbaraká prayer, just as a civilized doctor takes it away by cutting the belly. But I also give herb tea. I have my "angel" that teaches me the things of the future when I pray. The djeatsaá is my protection; I only have to put it on and nothing will happen to me. In the prayer I use the mbaraká and the djeatsaá; I do not use the cross, "because I do not need it." I do not act like the Kayová, who also pray during the day; I only pray at night. My prayers do not have any words; they do not speak of Ñandedjára, Kurusú, etc.; I simply sing. I cannot pray with the Kayová, for I cannot combine my voice with theirs; they pray "higher" (with a stronger voice). -- And, changing the subject, in response to questions that I put to him: The umbilical cord of the children is cut with scissors or with takuárembó. It is done by the female midwife or male midwife, a relative or not, who then becomes compadre or comadre: "It is a great bond for the Kayová." The one who gives the name is the "sabedor" /the one who knows/, to whom the stars revealed it. He makes cedar-bark water, dips his hand in the water, sprinkles the child in the shape of a cross, and then "tells the name." The baptism is done in the house of the "sabedor," in the presence of the father and mother, "after forty days," while the godfather props up the child. It must be a "fine" ceremony, done with great care, on a date set long beforehand, "in order to secure the spirit, its little angel." The "sabedor" makes a large candle of vorá (swarm of wild bees), which is lighted for four consecutive nights in which there is praying for the child; on the last of the four days is the baptism, during which the "sabedor" finds the name. Paí Kuará is the one who sends the "little angel," the spirit, of the child. -- When someone dies, the "sabedor" prays, "in order to save the soul," which goes to Hyapúguasú. If he does not pray for the soul, it "becomes lost, stays in the dark."

1:Dobrizhoffer M-S (ca. 1760) 1822
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Though sucking is the chief and almost only cure in use amongst the Abipones, yet they have some dream-like ideas of our remedies. At times, when oppressed by the heat of the sun, or inflamed with a feverish burning, they will draw blood by piercing their arm or leg with a knife. Medicinal herbs, of which their country produces so great a variety, they scarce know by name, yet are desirous of being thought well skilled in the mysteries of nature. Hence, not so much in the desire of restoring the sick person, as of increasing their own reputation, they would sometimes prescribe the leaves of a tree, or the roots of some little known plant, on which the druggist might safely write *quid pro quo*, these remedies being generally of such a nature, that they are more likely to miss than be of any service. At the end of a fatiguing journey, I fell ill in the town of Concepcion. A woman, of high repute for skill in the healing art, comes and gives me a large dark root, promising me the complete restoration of my health, if I would drink it well boiled in water. I shuddered at the medicine, but still more at the old hag that prescribed it.

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The Guarany tongue is as rich as the Abiponian is poor in the names of wholesome plants, and not a few of the Guaranies are well acquainted with the use of them. In the town

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poured forth a volley of curses on his ungrateful patient. "You had better call up a devil from hell, Fathers," said he, "to cure this beast. When I offered him medicine, the savage tried to kill me: he opposes a lance to a syringe. Who could contend with such unequal arms?" The Guaranies have the same repugnance to the use of the syringe. The Indians use snuff as a medicine, stuffing it into their ears, when they find them badly affected by the rain or wind. The jugglers vauntingly affirm, that they have it in their power to perform cures by words alone. Sitting on the sick man's bed they sing extemporary verses, as magical charms, either to reconcile the evil spirit, or to call up the shades of the dead by whose assistance they hope to remove all diseases. But away with this superstitious nonsense. The Abiponian physicians show how little they confide in their own arts, when, on being seized with a disorder, they neglect to consult their colleagues, and prefer the aid of any European who will prescribe for them. At the time that I dwelt amongst the Abipones, the most famous in the art of medicine was Pariekaikin, the chief of the jugglers, who, on being seized with pleurisy, called on me to heal him in preference to any of his colleagues. Calcined hartshorn, boiled in barley-water, re-